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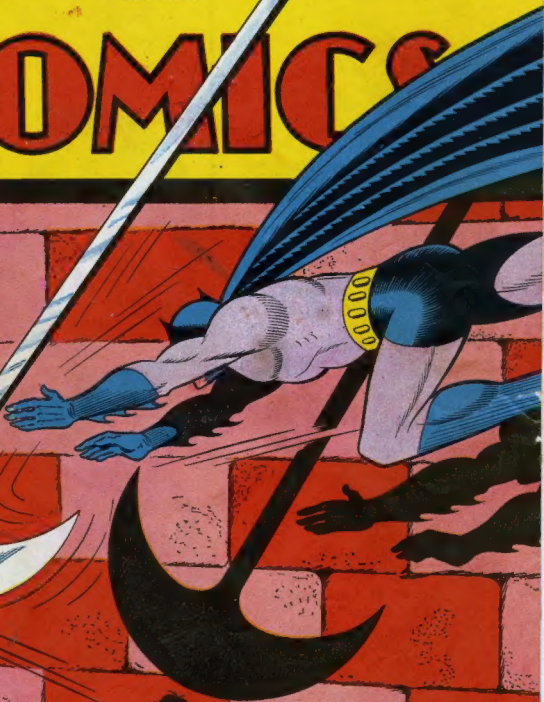
NOV...TEN CENTS



The BATMAN

Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

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(Issued every other month)
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BATMAN
MUTT & JEFF*
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WONDER WOMAN*

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(Issued every third month)
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BOY COMMANDOS
COMIC CAVALCADE
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*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year until further notice.

WANT
ACTION
?



WANT
MYSTERY
?



WANT
LAUGHS
?



LOOK FOR THE
SUPERMAN-DC SYMBOL...
IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST IN
MAGAZINE COMICS!





BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-



THIS IS A STORY OF SMALL
HUMAN BEINGS CALLED
UP IN A WHIRLWIND OF
PERILOUS EVENTS. A
DESPAIRING PLAYWRIGHT...
A PAIR OF THOUGHTLESS
RUNAWAY BOYS... THESE
FACE A MENACE THAT
SWARMS THEIR PERSONAL
PROBLEMS, AS CONSUMING
ATTEMPT RUMORING
THEFT AND VANDALISM
ON AN INCREDIBLE SCALE...
ON YET, THANKS TO THE
SMASHING FACTS
AND FLASHING
WITS OF THE AVANTAGE
BATTMAN AND
THE BOY WONDER...
THESE FATE-HOUNDED
PEOPLE FIND THE ANSWERS TO
THEIR TROUBLES TOO IN THIS
STAND-UP ADVENTURE OF...
"ONE NIGHT OF CRIME!"

STEP
RIGHT
UP POLICE!
GET YOUR
TICKETS WHILE
THEY LAST! FARELS
THREE DOLLARS
GUARANTEED...

BATTMAN AND BALLYHOO PRESENT AS THE
TUBBERNOCK TOURS... A TIME HONORED
AMERICAN INSTITUTION... SOLICITS CASH CUSTOMERS.



BOB
KANE



WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE ARE THESE, WHO SEEK ANGLAGEMENT OR KNOWLEDGE BY PEERING INTO THE LIVES OF OTHER HUMANS? LET US LOOK CLOSELY AT SOME OF THEM...



WEALTHY VICTOR CLEMENT, SUCCESSFUL PLAYWRIGHT AND PRODUCER, IS SEARCHING DESPERATELY FOR A NEW DRAMATIC PLOT....



HAVE A SIGHTSEEING TOUR WILL START MY BROWN CLUCKING AGAIN...

LOVELY MARY DALE DREAMED OF BECOMING A GREAT ACTRESS... BUT REPEATED REBUFFS HAVE LEFT HER DISHEARTENED AND ALL BUT DESTITUTE...



I REALLY CAN'T AFFORD IT-- BUT PERHAPS IT WILL TAKE MY MIND OFF MY TROUBLES.

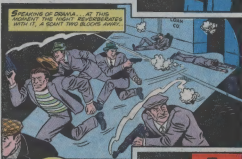
FOLKISH JOHNNY RED AND FOOLISH SAGGON HAVE DREAMED ALSO... THEY HAVE RUN AWAY FROM THEIR HOMES IN FALLS CORNERS TO BECOME 'AMATEUR DETECTIVES'!



GOLLY OUR MONEY IS GOING FAST HERE IN THE CITY!

WELL, WE HAVE TO KNOW OUR WAY AROUND IF WE'RE GOING TO BE AMATEUR DETECTIVES, DON'T WE?

SPEAKING OF DRAMA... AT THIS MOMENT THE NIGHT REVERBERATES WITH IT, A SCANT TWO BLOCKS AWAY...



TWO CAPED FIGURES STREAK THROUGH THE DARKNESS TOWARD THE SOUND OF SHOOTING-- THE BATMAN AND ROBIN...



BET IT'S THAT HOLDUP GANG THAT HAS BEEN OPERATING IN THIS PART OF TOWN!

WE'LL SOON KNOW!

WINDMILL FISTS LASH OUT AT THE FLEEING OUTLAWS...



WHAT'S YOUR HURRY!

IT'S THE BATMAN!





AS THE GREAT BUS STARTS ON ITS FAMILIAR ROUTE... A TELEPHONE CALL OPENS A GRIM DANCE IN WHICH FATE IS THE DEALER AND HUMAN LIVES ARE AT STAKES!



"QUANT SCENES ENGAGE THE SIGHTSEER'S ATTENTION..."

WE ARE NOW PASSING THROUGH LITTLE BOHEMIA, THE HAUNT OF ARTISTS AND WRITERS... WHERE LIFE IS UNCONVENTIONAL, AND EXCITING!

TOO MANY PLAYS HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT THIS SORT OF THING...



HERE IS THE STREET CALLED THE HORN OF ANTHONY RUBIN. ANOTHER DOWN-AND-OUTER'S HAND UP!

POOR FELLOW! I SUPPOSE A LOT OF THEM WERE ALWAYS BEATS... BUT SOME MUST HAVE TRIED HARD AND RAILED AS I HAVE!



POP-EYED WONDER KILLS JOHNNY AND EDDIE, THE THOUGHTLESS RUNAWAYS, IN A CHINATOWN JOSE HOUSE...

BUDGING IS THE BEST LOVER OF ALL THE EASTERN CITIES.

SEE... WHILKERS... THIS IS BETTER! A MOVIE!

WE'LL HAVE LOTS TO TELL THE FELLOW BACK HOME... IF WE EVER GO BACK!



BUT LUSKY EVENTS IN THE WAITING BUS MAKE IT SEEM DOUBTFUL WHETHER THE TWO LADS WILL EVER RETURN TO THEIR ANAQUIS PARENTS...



AS THE SIGHTSEEING GROUP LEAVES THE JOSE HOUSE WITH THE BARKER WHISKING UP THE REAR...



UNWILTINGLY, THE PASSENGERS RESUME THEIR SEATS...



ENJOYING IT?

AS MUCH AS I'VE ENJOYED ANYTHING LATELY...

"TOO EARLY" IS THE FIRST TO NOTICE THAT ALL IS NOT WELL...



OVER HERE, LADIES AND GENTS, IS THE NEW CITY JAIL, WHERE I HAVE SPENT MANY HAPPY, HAPPY HOURS!

WHY--? IT'S FOREBODING LAUGH!

TWO MEN REACH FOR HIDDEN GUNS WITH 300-00 SPEED... BUT ONE IS FASTER...



I WAS AFRAID I'D HAVE TO DO THIS!

OH, NOW PERFECTLY AWFUL!



EVERYBODY GET STILL AND KEEP QUIET! THIS IS A SNATCH-- CALL IT ANYTHING YOU WANT! THE FIRST ONE TO MAKE TROUBLE GETS SHOT WITH LEAD!

THAT'S TELLIN' 'EM LEFTY!



GOSH--ALL--FIREWORKS SCENE--THEY'RE REAL GUNSHOTS!

I BROUGHT MY SLINGSHOT BUT IT'S NO GOOD AGAINST GUNS!

CREEPING THROUGH DESERTED STREETS THE STOLEN BUS SWERVES INTO A DINKY GARAGE.



GOOD OLD DUTCH! HE ALWAYS BRINGS HOME THE GRAVY!

MEANWHILE, THE SLUGGED BARBER HAS RECOVERED...



BUT I TELL YOU, IT REALLY HAPPENED!

SOMEBODY WROTE A SIGHTSEENING BUS WITH ALL ABOARD! ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN DRINKING?



A RADIO ALARM BLARES IN THE CITY...

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT?

ALL COPS BE ON LOOKOUT FOR MARRING SIGHTSEENING BUS FILLED WITH PEOPLE... STOLEN IN CHICAGO!!!



BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD DICK GRAYSON—who are in reality THE BATMAN and ROBIN THE BOY WONDER—HEAR THE MESSAGE...



AND IN THE CRAMBLE MESSOUT...



THE FLEET HONESTER SPEEDS THEM TOWARD CHINATOWN...



WE CAN'T LET 'EM DO THEY SAY WE KILL THEM? THEY'D IDENTIFY US, SEND US ALL TO THE CHAIR!

WE'LL TAKE 'EM TO THE CELLAR... SHUT THEIR MOUTHS FOR GOOD!



THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US ALL AAAHHH...

YOU CAN BE THE FIRST TO GO, BRANDON!

THE MURDEROUS DECEIT!



INSIDE THE BASEMENT, THE HUGE VEHICLE IS DRIVEN INTO A WAG, STONEWALLED CELLAR...

YOU BRING THE ROOMS FRENCH?

THEY'RE INSIDE!



I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO WITH US!

FIRST OF ALL, WE'RE GOING TO PUT YOU IN YOUR SEATS!



**SUPPERLY MARY DILE SLUMPS...****THROUGH HOLES THE BROTHERS...
BOTH FEELS MOTIONLESS AS
THEY ARE BOUND TIGHTLY...****WE'LL CLOSE THE
WATER-TIGHT DOORS
AND LET THE
PLACE FILL UP!
EVEN IF THEY
GET LOOSE THEY
CAN'T TURN
OFF THE WATER!****JOHNNY AND ERNIE SUFFER A
DURRY ATTACK OF HOMESICKNESS...**



I GET IT! IF ONLY YOU DON'T MISS!

AND IF ONLY SOMEONE FINDS IT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



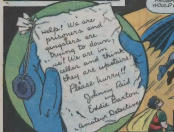
THIS IS ABOUT THE ONLY PART OF THE CITY WHERE THE CROOKS COULD HAVE HIDDEN THE BUS SO QUICKLY!

BUT HOW DO WE PICK OUT THE RIGHT BUILDING?



A FUNKLE OF BROKEN GLASS... A FLASH OF WHITE AGAINST THE DARKNESS... AND THE BATMAN STREAMS FORWARD!

WE'VE FOUND IT ALREADY!



Help! We are prisoners and trying to down us! We are in a cell and think they are upstairs! Please hurry!!
Johnny Reid
Eddie Barton
Amateur Detective



IF THE OTHERS ARE TRAPPED THERE, WE PROBABLY WOULD BE TOO!

WHY NOT TRY THE CELLAR?



DON'T SLIP!

COMING RIGHT AT YOU!



PAYOFF TIME FOR THE KILLERS...

FIFTY THOUSAND! THAT'S TEN GRAND APECE!

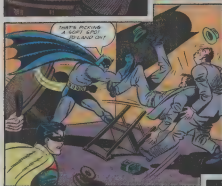
SKEDDING TO PLUNGE DOWN FROM THIS NIGHT ONLY TWO CHANDLER SHADOWS' PRINCE UPON THE OUTLAW...

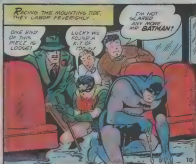
I FEEL LIKE A MILLIONAIRE!

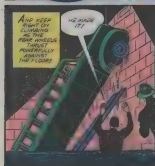
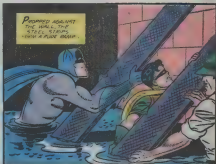


IT'S THE BATMAN!!

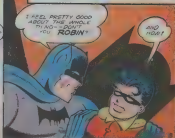
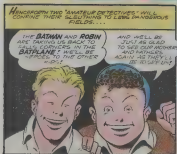
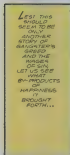
YOU WERE MEANING SUCH A GOOD TIME, WE'VE JUST HAD TO JOIN YOU!

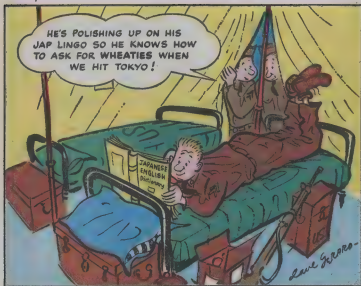












YOU CAN'T ASK FOR A BETTER BREAKFAST DISH THAN A HEAPING BOWL OF GOLDEN TOASTED WHEATIES, SWIMMING IN RICH MILK, AND TOPPED WITH JUICY, FRESH FRUIT.

NOW YOU'RE REALLY EATING. BIG FLAKES OF HUSKY WHOLE WHEAT. ROASTED TO SPARKLING CRISPNESS. AND FLAVORED JUST RIGHT WITH SWEET MALT SYRUP...THAT'S WHEATIES. AND THAT'S A DISH CHUCK-FULL OF CHAMPION WHOLE GRAIN NOURISHMENT AND DELICIOUS "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR. GET YOUR SHARE OF WHEATIES SWELL NOURISHMENT AND ZIPPY FLAVOR

AND KEEN FUN. PUT IN YOUR BID FOR LOTS OF MILK AND FRUIT AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

POLISH OFF A BIG BOWLFUL OF WHEATIES...EVERY MORNING!



BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.



AIR WAVE

CAN YOU IMAGINE *Air Wave* BREAKING THE LAW HE IS SWORN TO UPHOLD? CAN YOU PICTURE THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS EMBARKING UPON A CAREER OF CRIME? NEITHER THE FORCES OF LAW NOR OF LAWLESSNESS CAN QUITE COMPREHEND SUCH A STRANGE STEP, AND THEY ARE LEFT GASPING FOR BREATH WHEN *Air Wave* Joins the Underworld!



IN THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY *Larry Jordan*, A JEERING NEWS-PAPER EDITORIAL RUFFLES A FEW FEELINGS.

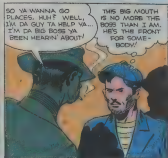
THE PAPERS ARE GUDE MAKING IT TOUGH FOR US, MR. JORDAN! WITH THAT CLUE WE HAVE, THEY FIGURE WE OUGHT TO STOP THE BIG BOSS COLD!

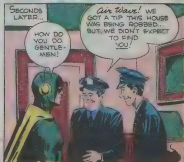
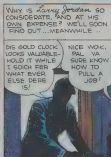
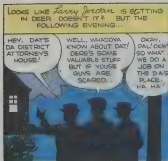
IF ONLY THEY REALIZED WHAT A SLENDER CLUE IT REALLY IS!

ALL WE KNOW IS THAT BIG BOSS HAS A SCAR ACROSS HIS FOREHEAD...WE HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHERE TO FIND HIM!

WELL, MR. JORDAN! ALL WE CAN DO IS KEEP OUR EYES OPEN FOR MEN WITH SCARS. WE'LL HOPE SUCH A PERSON TURNS UP!



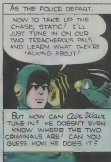






FALSE ALARM, BOYS! NO ROBBERY AT THIS PLACE! I'M ONLY WAITING HERE FOR MR JORDAN TO DETECT.

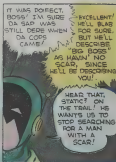
IN THAT CASE, WE'LL WANDER OFF. *Air Wave:* SORRY WE INTERRUPTED! BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO SENT IN THAT TIP!



AS THE POLICE DEPART.

NOW TO TAKE UP THE CHASE, STATIC! I'LL JUST TUNE IN ON OUR TWO TREACHEROUS PALS, AND LEARN WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT!

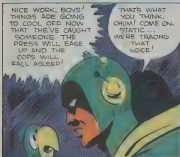
BUT HOW CAN *Air Wave* TUNE IN? HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHERE THE TWO CRIMINALS ARE! CAN YOU GUESS HOW HE DOES IT?



IT WAS PERFECT, BOSS! I'M SURE DA SAG WAS STILL DEED WHEN DA COPS CAME!

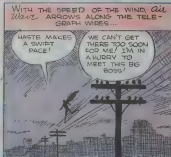
EXCELLENT! HE'LL BLAM FOR SURE. BUT WE'LL DESCRIBE 'BIG BOSS' AS HAVIN' NO SCAR, SINCE HE'LL BE DESCRIBING YOU!

HEAR THAT, STATIC? ON THE TRAIL! HE WANTS US TO STOP SEARCHING FOR A MAN WITH A SCAR!



NICE WORK, BOYS! THINGS ARE GOING TO COOL OFF NOW THAT THEY'VE CAUGHT SOMEONE. THE PRESS WILL EASE UP AND THE COPS WILL FALL ASLEEP!

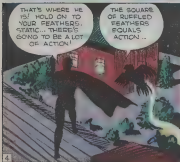
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, CHUM! COME ON, STATIC... WE'RE TRACING THAT NOISE!



WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND, *Air Wave* ARROWS ALONG THE TELEGRAPH WIRES...

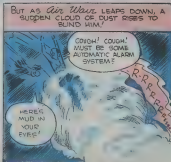
HASTE MAKES A SWIFT PACE!

WE CAN'T GET THERE TOO SOON FOR ME! I'M IN A HURRY TO MEET THIS BIG BOSS!



THAT'S WHERE HE IS! HOLD ON TO YOUR FEATHERS, STATIC... THERE'S GONNA BE A LOT OF ACTION!

THE SQUAWK OF RUFFLED FEATHERS SIGNALS ACTION...

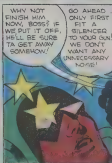


BUT AS *Air Wave* LEAPS DOWN, A SUDDEN CLOUD OF DUST RISES TO BLIND HIM!

COUGH! COUGH! MUST BE SOME AUTOMATIC ALARM SYSTEM!

HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYES!

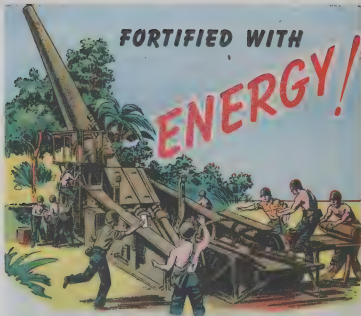
NEVERTHELESS, THE UNDAUNTED WIZARD OF WIRELESS, ATTACKS...





FORTIFIED WITH

ENERGY!



Powerful firing equipment to guard our shores are the U. S. Coastal Defense Guns, placed at strategic points, manned by alert artillerymen. Raised and lowered instantly, they pack tremendous ENERGY-wallops—fortify our coastline.

Baby Ruth HELPS TO FORTIFY YOU WITH FOOD-ENERGY

Baby Ruth, rich in dextrose, helps to fortify you against fatigue when body sugars are low. Because Baby Ruth helps provide so many of the essential foods necessary for strenuous activity, millions are sent to Uncle Sam's fighters everywhere. Because their needs come FIRST, you may not always find Baby Ruth at your store, but shortages are only temporary . . . ask again for your Baby Ruth.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILL.



Yep! Cookies made with Baby Ruth taste good!

Recipe on every wrapper



BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

HANDY ANDY

OUR OWN FAVORITE HOMEBURN INVENTS WHO NEEDN'T SHOWS YOU JUST HOW TO MAKE ONE OF THE MOST AMAZINGLY USEFUL THINGUM-MY-DOOS OUT OF A MERE HANDFUL OF DISCARDED KNUCKS AND SECOND HAND JUNK.

HERE'S ONE, PALL, THAT'S NOT EVEN IN THE BOOK!

FIRST - TAKE AN OLD DERBY HAT - IF YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE ONE OF YOUR OWN, USE SOMEBODY ELSE'S - ANY OLD DERBY WILL DO -

NOW, - AND THIS IS MOST IMPORTANT, - DASH TO THE NEAREST HARDWARE STORE AND BUY -

WHY HULLO, JOE! - SAY HOW'D Y'KNOW - THAT I HAD AN UNCLE IN KORDONO?

- TWO YARDS OF WATER-THIN FLEXIBLE CHROMIUM, - ONE DOZEN PLAT-FINISHED RIVETS, - ONE PAIR OF POWER-COILED SPRINGS, AND ONE THIN ONE-INCH CHROMIUM RING! -

SPECIAL TO-DAY! MUSICAL SHOWS!

NO MORE THAN ONE DIME TO A CUSTOMER!

COMING RIGHT UP STAIRS!

NEXT - RIVET A STRIP OF CHROMIUM (1 1/2 INCHES WIDE) SHUDDLY TO THE SWISS BAND ON THE INSIDE OF THE DERBY.

THEN SHMEE A SECOND STRIP OF THE CHROMIUM TO YOUR OWN INDIVIDUAL HEAD-SIZE, FITTING SAME NEATLY INSIDE THE SWISS BAND STRIP - AND JOHNS' BATH STOPS AT THE BACK OF THE DERBY WITH THE ONE INCH RING, - THUS!

NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE! - NEXT SOLDER THE ENDS OF THE POWER-COILED SPRINGS TO THE INSIDE OF EACH STRIP SEPARATELY - HOLDING THE SPRINGS TIGHT WITH AN UNSEEN CLASP -

AND LASTLY HAVE ANY GRADE-A ELECTRICIAN PICK UP AN ELECTRIC WIRED CONTACT BETWEEN THE UNSEEN CLASP IN YOUR DERBY AND A HIDDEN HIP POCKET STORAGE BATTERY - WIRED IN HIDE TO YOUR RIGHT TROUSERS POCKET -

JOE VOLTS ELECTRICIAN

FOR SUCH IDEAS YOU SHOULD GET PATENTS, PALL - SO IT'S FINISHED - FOR \$ 49.50!

RESULT! - NOW BY MERELY PRESSING THE BUTTON IN YOUR RIGHT-HAND TROUSER POCKET YOU CAN TIP YOUR HAT ALL DAY LONG WITHOUT ONCE TAKING YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS!

WHO IS THAT FRET ANYHOW?

TIP!
TIP!
TIP!

HOWDY,
FOLKS,
HOWDY,
HOWDY,
HOWDY!

WITHOUT A DOUBT HE'S THE MOST POLITE MAN IN TOWN, I WONDER WHO HE CAN BE?

OH, MARGE, HE'S SUCH A PERFECT GENTLEMAN HE MUST BE SOME KIND OF A FOREIGNER - OR SUMPA.

An important
message to the
BOYS and GIRLS
of AMERICA!



from
**GENERAL
ARNOLD**

Commanding General

U. S. Army

416, 2000, 1945

WAR DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON

We of the armed forces urge every young man and woman of pre-military age who has been filling a summer war job to return to school this autumn. Such work is important, but your education has top priority. You will serve your country best by making the most of your education opportunities, for this is not only a brave man's war--it is also a smart man's war.

If you plan to enter military service, you will find that a good education offers the best assurance of progress and recognition. In all branches of service, we need trained leaders, engineers, scientists and specialists. And in the years to follow victory we will need them even more, as our nation charts its progress in the post-war world.

FOR VICTORY



H. H. Arnold
H. H. ARNOLD,
General, U. S. Army,

Commanding General, Army Air Forces.

(Prepared in cooperation with the Office of War Information and published in the interest of the NATIONAL GO-TO-SCHOOL DRIVE, sponsored by the Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor, and the U. S. Office of Education, Federal Security Agency.)



The BOY COMMANDOS

in "MISSION of ERRORS!"

ORDER OF THE DAY
Remember orders are orders! But things are not always what they seem!
Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

WHEN THE BOY COMMANDOS RAID THE FRENCH INVASION COAST, THAT'S NOT NEWS. BUT WHEN THEY RAID THE COAST OF ENGLAND, THEIR HOME BASE, THAT'S NEWS AND THEN SOME! AS A MATTER OF FACT, NO ONE IS MORE SURPRISED THAN THEY WHEN SUCH TOPSY-TURVY ORDERS COME THROUGH!

BY
JOE SIMON
and
JACK KIRBY



WHILE TOUGH COMMANDOS PREPARE FOR A DARING RAID ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL...

AIN'T WE GONNA BE TOLD WHERE WE'RE GOIN', RIP?

NOT UNTIL JUST BEFORE WE LEAVE! I ONLY KNOW IT'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT!

AT GENERAL STAFF HEADQUARTERS...

LIEUTENANT FAIRBANKS, THIS PAPER BEARS THE OBJECTIVE FOR TONIGHT'S COMMANDO RAID! GIVE IT TO CAPTAIN CARTER JUST AS HE IS READY TO DEPART!

YES, SIR!

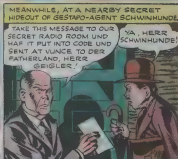


HMM... A WONDERFUL NIGHT. HOPE THE JERRIES DON'T PICK IT FOR AN AIR RAID...

MEANWHILE, AT A NEARBY SECRET HIDEOUT OF GESTAPO-AGENT SCHWINNHUNDE,

TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO OUR SECRET RADIO ROOM UND HAF IT PUT INTO CODE UND SENT AT VUNCE TO DER FATHERLAND, HERR GEIGLER!

YA, HERR SCHWINNHUNDE!



WHEEEEEEEEEEE!

BLAWST THEM! THEY WOULD SPOIL A CHARMING EVENING WITH THEIR NUISANCE RAIDS!

ACH! I MUST SEEK SHELTER!

RAID SHELTER #31

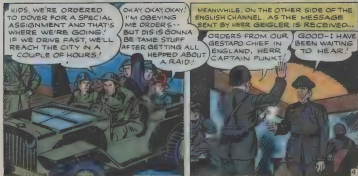
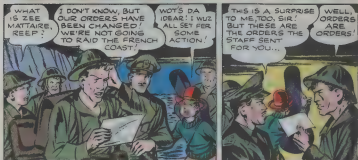
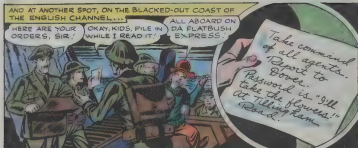
WELL, I HOPE THE RAID DOESN'T DELAY ME TOO LONG!

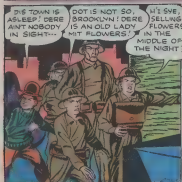
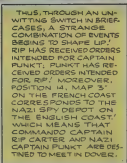
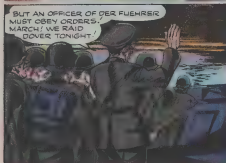
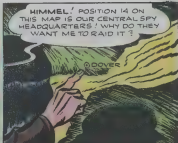




THE TWO MESSENGERS HURRY OFF,
NEITHER ONE DREAMING THAT HE MIGHT NOT
BE CARRYING THE RIGHT BRIEF-CASE!





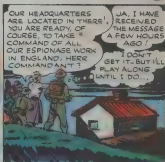




'GOOD! HEIL HITLER! FOLLOW ME TO OUR HIDING PLACE.'

WHY... DA DONTY NAZI...

PARBLEU! SHUT UP, BROOKLYN. REEP KNOWS WHAT HE EES DOING!



OUR HEADQUARTERS ARE LOCATED IN THERE! YOU ARE READY, OF COURSE, TO TAKE A COMMAND OF ALL OUR ESPIONAGE WORK IN ENGLAND, HERR COMMANDANT?

JA, I HAVE RECEIVED THE MESSAGE A FEW HOURS AGO!

I DON'T GET IT... BUT I'LL PLAY ALONG UNTIL I DO...



ONE OF OUR MEN IS GUARDING THIS PLACE FOR THE DUMKOPP ENGLISH! WE ARE VERY CLEVER! IT IS A PERFECT HIDING PLACE, NIGHT?

JA, VERY, VERY CLEVER! I MUST COMPLIMENT YOU... BUT I'M SURE I WILL MAKE SOME IMPROVEMENTS HERE!



MEN, I WANT YOU TO MEET YOUR NEW CHIEF OF THE GESTAPO!

I STILL DON'T GET IT... THEY'RE NAZI SPIES, AND SOMEHOW I HAVE THEIR PASSWORD, BUT...



I CAN NOW TAKE OFF MINE DISGUISE! GENTLEMEN, LET ME INTRODUCE YOUR NEW CHIEF, WHO WILL TAKE MINE PLACE!

PSST... BROOKLYN, WOT IS GOIN' W'ON 'ERE?

SHHH... SOICH ME! MAYBE RIP KNOWS DA SCORE!



I DID NOT KNOW WHO DER NEW CHIEF WAS GOING TO BE WHILE I RETURN TO DER FATHERLAND MIT DESE SECRETS YE HAVE STOLEN FROM DER ENEMY MACHINE MY SURPRISE WHEN IT TURNS OUT TO BE CAPTAIN CARTER!

MEANWHILE, ON THE NEARBY BEACH, CAPTAIN PUNKT IS LANDING...

ACH! I HAVE ORDERS TO RAID OUR SECRET HEADQUARTERS. IT WAS THE ORDER YOUR CHIEF RADIOED TO ME!



TONIGHT A NEW CHIEF IS TAKING COMMAND OF OUR SPY SYSTEM... PERHAPS HE ORDERED THIS RAID! BRING YOUR MEN QUIETLY, HERR CAPTAIN.



AT THAT VERY INSTANT...

I WILL NOW TAKE COMMAND! MY FIRST ORDER IS TO SING OUR VICTORY SONG! BROOKLYN WILL TAKE OUT HIS VIOLIN AND WHEN HE PLAYS EVERYONE WILL RAISE HIS HANDS...

HUH? HAVE YA GONE NUTS? YA KNOW DIS VIOLIN IS-- ULP!

THESE BUMS IS GONNA RAISE THEIR HANDS WHEN I PLAYS ME 'FIDDLE!' RIF WANTS ME TA STICK-UP DA BUNCH O' GORRILLAS!

ALL RIGHT, MUGGS! REACH FER DA CEILING!

WHAT? HIMMEL!

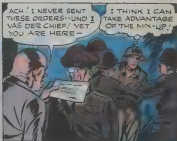
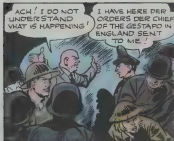


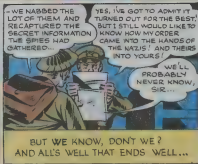
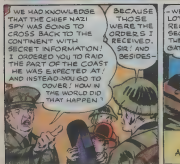
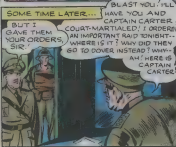
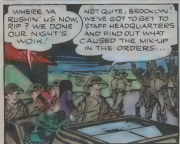
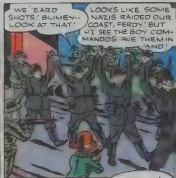
CONFUSION PILES ON TOP OF CONFUSION! CAPTAIN PUNKT ARRIVES AT JUST THAT MOMENT!

HIMMEL! WE GET ORDERS TO RAID THESE HEADQUARTERS. UND ARNE TO FIND DER ENGLISH RAIDING THEM!

VOT GIRFFS HERE, ANYWAY?







THE CHAMP

by Eddie Bell

EDDIE BLANE stood on the corner of Twelfth and Main and looked at the glowing sign on the Arena. Crowds were pouring into the palace of sport.

"Hiya, Champ."

The greeting came from Anders, the Swedish cop, who directed Arena traffic. Eddie grinned pleasantly, waved his hand in the direction of the crowd. "Some mob, tonight."

"Yessir, Champ," Anders said. "It takes a Blane to bring 'em in, doesn't it?" He didn't wait for Eddie's answer, but busied himself suddenly in bawling out a cab driver. "Hey, where you think you're going—to a race?" He peered into the cab, while the cabbie fidgeted uncomfortably and stammered: "Sorry, officer, I was just trying to get these folks close to the entrance."

Looking into the back, Anders grinned. "Okey," he said. "Go ahead. But watch your driving." Then, to Eddie: "Gold braid. A lot of it."

"You should have been a fighter yourself, Anders," Eddie Blane said. "You sure can dish it out."

"Yeah, but not the way you can, Champ. You Blanes always could fight."

Yes, Eddie reflected, Blanes always could fight. There was his Pop, and his brothers, Pete and Joe. And he, Eddie—they called him the greatest champ of all. Right up there on the marquee it could be proved. The name Blane was the kind of magic word that always dragged in a crowd. The crowd was never disappointed when a Blane fought.

"Thanks, pal," Eddie said. "You always were in my corner."

"Yeah—and you'd better be getting into the ring now," the policeman warned. "Look at the time."

Eddie looked up at the Paramount clock, just as he always had when he showed up here for a fight. "Plenty of time," he said, languidly. "Besides, if they haven't got the air conditioning on, it's gonna be plenty hot in there."

Chuckling, he walked away. His remark was only a personal jest, and is never failed to amuse him. With a start, he remembered he had been saying just about that thing for ten years. He felt a little proud, too. No other champion had ever held onto the crown that long.

Everyone knew him, everyone said, "Hiya, Eddie," as he pushed his way along the crowded sidewalk to gain the door through which the fighters passed.

Old Mike was there, his usual jovial self. "This is gonna be some night, huh, Champ? Bet we knock 'em dead tonight."

"I don't doubt it," Eddie kidded back. He flexed his left arm. "Still packs a lot of power, Mike."

"Quit your kidding," Mike said. "Go on inside to the dressing room."

They were all there, too. The familiar faces, the photographers, the sport writers, Cleary, of the Mercury wanted to know how he felt. Eddie said everyone should know how he felt. "And," he added, "You can quote me as saying, I'm a little nervous, too."

"Just like you are at all your fights, Eddie," Cleary smiled. Sitting there under the light, which poured down on his head, Cleary shook his graying mane. Once, he had heaped

coals of abuse on Eddie's head. Now they were fast friends. Cleary had once written that Eddie would never be the champ his pop had been.

Yes, now they were friends, a couple of old gaffers, Eddie thought. From the crowded auditorium, a thunderous roar welled into the corridors, down the long hall into the dressing room, increasing in volume, deafening the ear drums like the tremendous pressure of the sea.

Cleary said: "They sure like the preliminary."

"They ought to," Eddie said. "Those boys are bush champs." He was referring to the amateur lightweight champion and the professional champion who had agreed to meet for the sports cavalcade.

"There's nothing wrong with America," Cleary said, "and sports will always show it. These people out there are paying plenty in war bonds to see this show. And all you champs are doing your stuff."

"And I hope I can keep on doing it," Eddie said, under his breath. "I got reasons."

Yes, he did have reasons—reasons like Son, his youngest daughter, and young Eddie, his boy. They were two good reasons in themselves to keep punching until Tojo and Hitler were brought to their knees. Eddie smacked his bare fist nervously into his palm.

It seemed funny not to be dressing in here. Him, Eddie Blane, the champ. Gosh, he'd started out from this same dressing room, ten years ago, a green kid, and in a very little time had become champion of the world. Fight? That was his middle name. Like his father before him, and his brothers, Eddie Blane had been in there (Continued on inside back cover)

THREE-RING BINKS

BOOKING AGENT FOR CIRCUS,
SIDE SHOW, CARNIVAL, ETC.,
ETC., TALENT DE LUXE!

BINKS, I WANTS YOU TO MEET UP
WITH MY LATEST AND GREATEST FIND, MY
NEW PROTEGE AND ESCAPE ARTIST SUPREME—
"ERNE THE EEL"— ERNE CAN WRIGGLE
HIMSELF OUT OF ANYTHING FROM A
DOUBLE STRAIT-JACKET TO A SOUR
DEBT, WITH THE EASE OF THAT GUY ON
THE FLYING TRAPEZE— HOWZABOUT
CHASIN' YOUR COMPETITION RIGHT OUTA
TOWN BY STITCHING HIM UP HERE AND
NOW WITH A CONTRACT?

SIDDOWN, TIRESOME. AND
LET ME BALLYHOO YOU ABOUT
AN ESCAPE ARTIST I HAD FOR
TWELVE YEARS WITH MY OWN
CARNIVAL— A TROUPER WHO
MADE EVERY LAST ONE OF HIS
TIN-PLATE IMITATORS RUSH FOR
THE NEAREST EXIT— I'M
SPEAKING OF THE ONE AND ONLY
'ESCAPOLA' THE GREAT!!

ABOUT THUTTY YEARS AGO I WAS HOP-SKIPPING
THROUGH THE OZARK MOUNTAINS WITH A LITTLE
OLD ROUND-SHOULDERED ONE-TENT CARNIVAL, WHEN
ONE DAY A PERFECT STRANGER POPS IN ON ME
AND PROPOSITIONS THESAWAY ---

I'M ONLY THE GREATEST ESCAPE
ARTIST THAT EVER PERFORMED A
CLEAN 'BREAK-OUT' OF ANYTHING
YOU CARE TO LOCK ME UP IN—
C'MON, SON— TRY ME OUT!!

HIYA, CHUM— I SAW YOUR SHOW LAST
NIGHT AND I'M STILL SEA-SICK! MAN, WHAT
YOUR SHOW NEEDS NOTHIN' ELSE BUT, S ME!

AND WHO'S YOU?

HMM... YOU'RE THAT
GOOD, EH-- WELL, CAN
YOU BREAK OUT OF
A SAFE?





NOW, SONNY BOY, MAKE YOURSELF AS UNCOMFORTABLE AS YOU CAN IN THERE, AND I'LL SPIN THE LITTLE OL' SAFETY-CLUTCH ON THE COMBINATION!



HAW! — I'LL HAVE TO LET HIM OUT AGAIN IN ABOUT AN HOUR, CAUSE THIS VAULT AIN'T AIR-CONDITIONED — IT'S ONE SWELL WAY TO GET RID OF A PEST THOUGH! — I'LL TELL THE...



BUT BEFORE I COULD EVEN FINISH TWIRLING THE COMBINATION OFF THE SAFE, WHO WALKS UP BEHIND ME AND TAPS ME ON THE SHOULDER BUT HIM? S'HELP ME!!

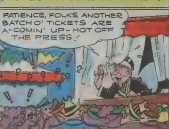


HERE, CHUM, PUT THIS STUFF BACK IN THERE — I JUST TOOK IT OUT FOR A LARK — HONEST I DO!

PHEW! — REALIZING IN A DULL FLASH THAT IF HE WAS THAT GOOD, HE WAS A MILLION DOLLAR ATTRACTION, I SIGNED HIM UP QUICKER'N YOU COULD SAY JACK ROBINSON, I NICKNAMED HIM **ESCAPOLA!**



WHAM!! — HE WASN'T AN OVERNIGHT HIT — HEI WAS A WHOLESALE RIOT!! HE ACTUALLY HAD US SELLING TICKETS FASTER'N WE COULD PRINT THEM!



PATIENCE, FOLKS ANOTHER BATCH O' TICKETS ARE A-COMIN' UP — HOT OFF THE PRESS!



EVERY TOWN WE PLAYED IT WAS THE SAME—UP, DOWN, AND ACROSS THE COUNTRY, FROM EVERY CORNER CAME THE SAME CRY FROM THE CIRCUS PUBLIC—

WE WANT
ESCAPOLA!!



THEN IT HAPPENED!! WE HAD A STANDING OFFER OF \$10,000 TO ANYONE WHO COULD SUCCESSFULLY IMPRISON ESCAPOLA IN ANY SITUATION, CONTRAPTION WHATSOEVER, AND MAKE IT EFFECTIVE FOR ONE FULL HOUR! WE WERE PLAYING A BIG NEW ENGLAND PACKING CASE CENTER LATE ONE FALL, AND—

I'M KNOWN 'ROUND THESE PARTS AS PACKIN' CASE PACKY CASEY, FOD'NER! I'M ACCEPTIN' YOUR CHALLENGE AN' MY MEN WILL BE HERE WITHIN THE NONCE!



A GANG OF STALWARTS SOON APPEARED WITH A HUGE PACKING CASE, MADE OF TWO INCH OAK. IN THE DEAD CENTER OF THIS THEY STOOD ESCAPOLA—CHAINED, HANDCUFFED AND STRAIT-JACKETED—ON HIS HEAD!!



NEXT THEY NEATLY WALLED HIM UP IN THIS IN AN UPRIGHT POSITION WITH WHAT LOOKED TO ME LIKE VERY EXPENSIVE GLAZED FACING BRICKS.



THEN THEY FLOODED EVERY INCH OF THE REMAINING SPACE WITH SOLID, DOUBLY REINFORCED CONCRETE.



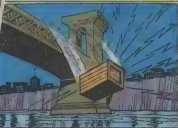
NEXT THEY SLAMMED ON THE TOP AND DROVE THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF 8 INCH NAILS INTO THE STURDY OAK BOX, MAKING IT ONE SOLID UNIT...



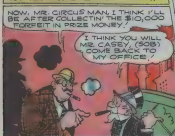
PACKING-CASE CASEY HAD A HUGE TRUCK AT THE BACK DOOR (HE DIDN'T MISS A TRICK) HE SOON HAD THE CASE ABOARD AND DROVE (YOU GUESSED IT) STRAIGHT TO THE RIVER //



WITH ONE MIGHTY HEAVE THEY TOSSED THE LOADED PACKING CASE INTO THE ALREADY FREEZING NEW ENGLAND RIVER BELOW ---



WE WATCHED IT CRASH-SPLASH- THEN INSTANTLY SINK IN THE BLACK ICY WATERS BELOW!-- UGH!!



NOW, MR. CIRCUS MAN, I THINK I'LL BE AFTER COLLECTIN' THE \$10,000 FORFEIT IN PRIZE MONEY!

I THINK YOU WILL MR. CASEY, (SOB) COME BACK TO MY OFFICE!

IN TWO MINUTES WE WERE BACK, AS WE ENTERED, THE PHONE RANG. IT WAS THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION OF THE STATE OF ALABAMA CALLING -- AND WHO DO YOU THINK WAS ON THE WIRE?



DON'T TELL ME THE GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA?



NO!... IT WAS ESCAPOLA!!



HEY! WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, WHERE YA HEADIN'?

HEH!-HEH!-HEH!

OW-WAH!! WE'RE BREAKING OUT OF YOUR PACKING CASE NOW, BINKS--SO-O LONG!!



GRUMMAN HELLCAT

LOOK AT THESE AMAZING FEATURES

- **Authentic models.** Realistic copies of actual war-torn fighters.
- **Actually fly.** Designed to glide and soar up to 75 feet or more when launched by hand.
- **Easy to build.** Assembly kits include complete cut-out sheets on special paper cover stock and step-by-step illustrated instructions.
- **Realistic detail.** Including such features as motor cowling and ventilator, cockpit cover, propeller hub. Indicating retractable landing gear, ailerons, landing flap, machine guns.
- **Full color.** Hellcat in two tones of blue for water and sky camouflage. Nakajima in brilliant yellow and blue.
- **Official battle insignia.** Hellcat is marked with U.S. bar and star design. Nakajima displays red circle insignia of Imperial Japanese Air Force.
- **Over 9 inch wing spread.** For real gliding power.
- **Hollow fuselages.** Shaped to give reproduction of planes modeled after.
- **Rugged construction.** Will fly hundreds of times—indoor and out—without serious damage to shape.
- **G-line flight.** Rigged for continuous G-line flying your models will zoom, dive, climb, and hedge-hop under your control.

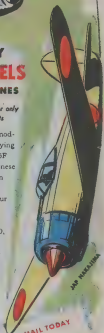
BUILD AND FLY AUTHENTIC MODELS OF FAMOUS FIGHTER PLANES

Get two complete unassembled planes for only
ONE Wheaties box top and five cents

Hurry! Get two easy-to-build, cut-out models exactly as illustrated. Real flying models of the U.S. Navy's deadly F6F Grumman Hellcat and the speedy Japanese plane, the Nakajima pursuit. Swell fun to build, and exciting to fly.

Use easy-to-mail coupon to order your planes. Or just send your name and address with one Wheaties box top and five cents to Jack Armstrong, Box 7310, Chicago, Illinois. Put your order in the mail today. This is a limited offer—good only while supplies last, or until February 1, 1945. So get going and get flying.

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JAP NAKAJIMA

IMPORTANT NOTICE:

These planes found in a series of 35 famous fighters developed exclusively for Wheaties. THEY CAN BE OBTAINED ONLY THROUGH WHEATIES. Start right now to get every one of these flying models. And start enjoying more of the champion enrichment and sippy flavor in a big bowl of milk, fruit, and Wheaties. "Breakfast of Champions." Have Wheaties every morning... sometimes for lunch or supper... often for snacks.



TEAR OUT AND MAIL TODAY

JACK ARMSTRONG
Box 7310, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me TWO complete assembly kits for my flying models U.S. Grumman Hellcat and Jap Nakajima. I enclose ONE Wheaties box top and five cents.

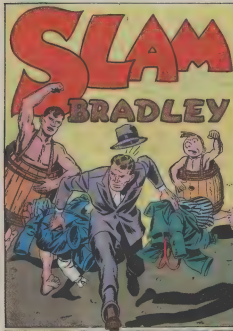
Name _____

Street Address _____

Zone _____

State _____

City _____



CRAZY JOBS ARE THE CONSTANT LOT OF THE PRIVATE COP, BUT THIS TIME SLAM BRADLEY AND HIS HALF-PINT PARTNER WIN THE PRIZE FOR A GOOFY ASSIGNMENT! WHAT A TANGLE OF TROUBLE FOR THE SOCKING SLEUTHS WHEN A REFORMED FILCHER HIRES THEM TO WATCH HIS CRIMES! THEN OUT OF A VERITABLE WELTER OF WANDERING WALLETS, EMERGES THE OLD TRUTH THAT...

"THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE!"



NOTE THE SATISFIED SMILE OF SHORTY, THE MIGHTY MITE, AS HE HASTENS TO MEET HIS PARTNER, SLAM. HAS HE JUST SOLVED AN IMPORTANT CASE? HAS HE DEALT CRIME ANOTHER CRUSHING BLOW? WELL--NOT QUITE!

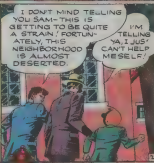
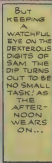
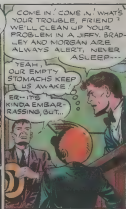
GOOD OL' CHARLEY-- WHAT A PAL TO RUN INTO! HERE'S ME AN' SLAM WITHOUT A DIME BETWEEN US, AN CHARLEY SLIPS ME THE FIVE HE BORROWED LAST YEAR. BOY--ARE WE GONNA EAT FANCY!



YOUR FACE LOOKS LIKE GOOD NEWS, RUNT! DID YOU PERSUADE NICK TO GIVE US CREDIT FOR A MEAL?

NO HASH-HOUSES FOR US TODAY, PAL! I AM THE EXCLUSIVE PROPRIETOR OF FIVE WHOLE DOLLARS!



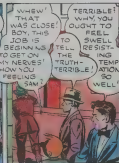




OOOPS--
PARDON
ME!

UH-UH
REMEMBER,
SAM! BE
GOOD
NOW!

ER--
YEAH,
SURE!



WHOW!
THAT
WAS CLOSE!
BOY, THIS
JOB IS
BEGINNIN'
TO GET ON
MY NERVES!
HOW YOU
FEELIN' SAM?

TERRIBLE!
WHY, YOU
OUGHT TO
FEEL
SWELL
RESIST-
ING TEMPT-
ATION
SO WELL!



IN A DARKENED HALLWAY
ACROSS THE STREET...

DERE
HE GOES!
SHALL
WE
GET
HIM
NOW?

YEAH--
JUS AS
SOON AS
DOSE TREE
LUDDER GUYS
GIT AROUND
DA CORNER!

BOY! ONCE
WE GET
DEM HOOK-
UPS, WE'LL
BE ALL
SET FER
DA BIG
GRAVY!



HOLD UP A
MINUTE, GENTS.
LEMME LIGHT A
CIGARETTE.
I FEEL A
LITTLE
NOIVUS.

HELP!
HELP!



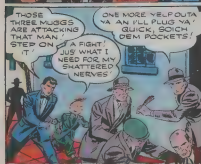
WHATT'A YOU GOT
TO FEEL NERVOUS
ABOUT? WE'RE
THE ONES THAT
SHOULD BE
NERVOUS!



HEY--
DID YOU
HEAR A
SHOUT
FOR
HELP?

NAH--
YOU
MUST
BE
IMAGININ'
T'INGS!

THERE
IT GOES
AGAIN!
C'MON--
LET'S
HAVE
A
LOOK!



THOSE
THREE MUGGS
ARE ATTACKING
THAT MAN!
STEP ON
IT!

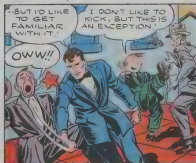
A FIGHT!
JUS WHAT I
NEED FOR MY
SHATTERED
NERVES!

ONE MORE YELPOUTA
YA A VILL PLUG YA!
QUICK, SOICH
DEM POCKETS!

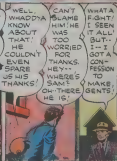


LOOK-- A
COUPLA BUT-
TINSKYS! DEY
MUSTA HOID
HIM YELL.
I SHOULDA
CONKED HIM
ONE!

I DON'T
RECOGNIZE
YOUR
FACE!



THE BATTLE ENDS, HOWEVER, WHEN FLYING FEET CARRY THE FRUSTRATED FELONS OUT OF RANGE OF FLYING FISTS!





I WUZ AFRAID TO TELL YA RIGHT AWAY, BUT I GOTTA ADMIT I CLIPPED DAT GUYS WALLET WHEN HE BUMPED INTO ME BEFORE!

HOLY CATS!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO-RETURN IT! THE PLANS ARE ALL IN HERE WITH THE GUYS ADDRESS.

A FINE THING! AN' ME WATCH SAM LIKE A HAWK!

SORRY, GENTS-... BUT IT AIN'T EASY TO BUST AN OLD HABIT!

SOME TIME LATER...

WELL, HERE'S THE HOUSE! SAM, YOU WAIT OUTSIDE. OTHERWISE YOU'RE LIABLE TO WALK OFF WITH HALF THE FURNITURE!

OKAY, OKAY! BUT DON'T FORGET TO TELL HIM YA FOUND THE WALLET AFTER DA FIGHT! I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE!

OH, IT'S YOU TWO! COME ON IN!

WE JUST DROPPED BY TO RETURN YOUR WALLET. WE-ER-FOUND IT ON THE SIDE-WALK AFTER THE FIGHT.

MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY DRUGSTORE, THREE BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK AROUND A PHONE BOOTH...

IT WUZ A CINCH! I CALL UP DA BOGLAR ALARM COMPANY AN' SAY I'M DA GUYS RELATIVE FROM SCOTLAND. RIGHT AWAY DEY GIMME DA ADDRESS AN' DON'T ASK NO QUESTIONS.

WELL, DO YA GET THE ADDRESS?

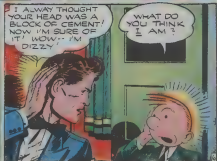
WHILE BACK AT THE APARTMENT OF MAC FETTISH...

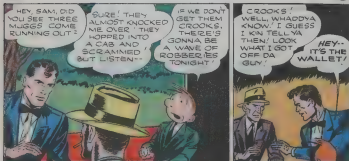
HOW'D THOSE CROOKS KNOW YOU CARRIED THOSE PLANS ON YOU?

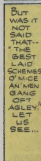
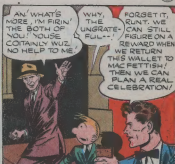
THEY COULD HAE OVERHEARD ME TALKIN' W/ A FRIEND IN SOME RESTAURANT!

TIS NAE WEE THING YE HAE DONE FOR ME. I WON'T FORGET..

ALL RIGHT! START GRABBIN' FEEL DA CEILING, EVERYBODY!







ling. He never forgot Pop's instruction, the first day Pop decided to put young Eddie in the amateurs' over at CYO in Chicago. "Give 'er public a good fight, Eddie," Pop had said, "and an easy one. If you give the best you've got in you, they'll never you down."

And the public hadn't. Through the years, Eddie Blane grined at him and, abashedly, even today. But he had idea that tonight he was losing his crown.

Oddly, the thought made him very happy. He noticed Cleary ring at him and, abashedly, wiped the grin from his face. He was being sentimental about this thing. He couldn't lick the young fellow who'd be out there in the ring tonight, and he knew it.

"Okay, Champ," Buckles, his handler, popped into the room. "I've got your stuff. Let's go down the hall."

They had to do that this time. For the newsreels. Otherwise, Eddie wouldn't have counted. This room, he felt, was a good luck charm. But the newsreels wanted shots in the other room, so. . .

He faced the battery of cameras, a smile on his face, listening to the familiar whirr of the cameras. This was old stuff to him, but tonight it was new. His muscles rippled beneath his tanned body as he stood there in fighting gear.

He suddenly felt a little red.

Then it was over. "Thanks, Eddie. Good luck." They all asked him, these strange men who poked their cameras all over the world. Most of the cameramen he knew were working on the battlefronts. Eddie got a big kick out of the clips when he visited the newsreel theatre. Which was often nowadays.

He thought of that as he walked down the long corridor. Yes, he had been watching those newsreels a lot more anxiously than people thought.

As he told himself, he had a reason, a good reason.

Only right now he wouldn't have to think about it. A Blane could always take care of himself.

A sudden stillness shook Eddie Blane out of his reverie. Something was happening outside, in the arena. He heard Buckles running behind him. "C'mon, Champ," he said. "We can't miss this."

Eddie double-timed ahead, elbowed his way between the two special policemen standing at the entrance the fighters used going to the ring. They grinned when they saw him. "Some night, huh, Champ?"

But Eddie wasn't looking at them. His eyes were on the Army officer standing in the middle of the ring. The officer was talking into a microphone, thanking the packed house for their contributions to the Bond Drive.

And then Eddie's gaze shifted, and he saw the tall, bronzed young man step into the ring. The officer looked over, smiled as the boy climbed through the ropes. He didn't mention the boy's name over the loud speaker. He didn't have to. Everyone knew who the young Marine was, what he had done. The papers had been filled with his exploits. The bright lights

glinted on the golden Marine insignia on the boy's blue dressing gown.

"C'mon, Eddie," Buckles urged. "Get goin' into the ring."

Eddie's eyes were wet as he walked through a wall of cheers, and climbed through the ropes. The place was bedlam as the boy he was to box an exhibition fight with came toward him, then threw his arms around him.

"C'mon, Pop," he whispered. "We'll show 'em you're still the champ. Even if you have been retired ten years and this is an exhibition bout."

Eddie Blane grinned happily, looked at his son, recently returned from the battle zone. It had been a happy idea of Cleary's to have Old Eddie and Young Eddie box in this War Bond Cavalcade of Sports.

"Okay, Son," Eddie Blane said, huskily. "Get back into your corner. And come out fighting at the bell."

He smiled happily as he walked into his own corner. He was thinking of Young Eddie's record in the South Pacific as he said to Buckles: "There's the real champ, Buckles—him and all the rest of the boys in uniform—and nobody in this world'll beat 'em."

You tell it to
SOMEONE
who repeats it to
SOMEONE
who's overheard by
SOMEONE
in Axis pay, so
SOMEONE
you know . . . may die!

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